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himself, but in vain; the Emperor insisted on obedience: he therefore requested permission to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing he placed himself in the waters of the *Jumna* till they reached his neck. As soon as he had performed a strain or two the river gradually became hot; at length began to boil; and the agonies of the unhappy musician were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the Monarch, but sued in vain. *Akber* wished to prove more strongly the powers of this Raug: *Naik Copaul* renewed the fatal song: flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the *Jumna*, was consumed to ashes!

These, and other anecdotes of the same nature, are related by many of the Hindus, and implicitly believed by some. The effect produced by the *Maig Mullaar* Raug was immediate rain. And it is told, that a singing girl once, by exerting the powers of her voice in this Raug, drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers on the parched rice-crops of Bengal, and thereby averted the horrors of famine from the *Paradise of Regions*. An European, in that country, inquiring after those whose musical performance might produce similar effects, is gravely told, "that the art is now almost lost; but that there are still musicians possessed of those wonderful powers in the West of India." But if one inquires in the West, they say, "that if any such performers remain they are to be found only in Bengal."

Of the present musick and the sensations it excites, one can speak with greater accuracy. "Many of the Hindu melodies" (to use the words of an excellent musician) "possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish, and others a wild originality, pleasing beyond description."

*Counterpoint* seems not to have entered, at any time, into the system of Indian Musick. It is not alluded to in the manuscript treatises which I have hitherto perused, nor have I discovered that any of our original Ori-

entalists speak of it as being known in Hindostan. The books, however, which treat of the musick of that country are numerous and curious. Sir William Jones mentions the works of *Amin*, a musician; the *Damodara*, the *Narayan*, the *Ragarnara*, (or sea of passions;) the *Sabharinoda* (or delight of assemblies;) the *Ragavibodha*, (or doctrine of musical modes) the *Ratnacara*, and many other *Sanskrit* and *Hindustani* treatises. There is besides the *Raugaderpun* (or mirror of Raugs) translated into Persian by *Faker Ullah* from an Hindooee Book on the Science of Musick, called *Muncuttuhub*, compiled by order of *Man Sing*, *Rajah of Gualier*. The *Sungeet Derpun* (or mirror of melody) is also a Persian translation from the *Sanskrit*. To these I am enabled to add, by the kindness of the learned Baronet whom I have before mentioned, the title of another Hindooee work translated by *Deenanaut*, the son of *Bausdeheo*, into the Persian language on the first of the month *Ramazan*, in the year of the Hegira, 1137, of our era 1724.

"An Essay on the Science of Musick, translated from the book *Paurjauthuck*: the object of which is to teach the understanding of the *Rauges* and *Raugnees*, and the playing upon musical instruments."

*Oriental Collections.*

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

IN looking over your last month's Magazine, I see an article offered to the public, with an intent to set the character of Lawrence Sterne in a new point of view; but to those that wish not to meet an old friend with a new face, or see a character traduced, when deprived of the natural means of justifying itself, such anecdotes will, I am well convinced, afford but a poor repast. Sterne, no doubt, had his enemies as well as his friends, and most probably both in the extreme, which exquisite feelings generally produce; but can any thing now introduced, as *York scandal*, tend to prove his *want of feeling*, or set his character in a new point of view, in those

eyes that the stories of *leFevre* and *Maria*, have met with invaluable drops of sympathy; and as Sterne is long since out of the reach of censure or praise, and the reputation of his works too well established to be either supported or shook by panegyric or criticism, I cannot see the good such publication can now do, even if unconnected with the tongue of scandal, or the eye of prejudice. This unique author, the father of sentimental writing, received his education in Cambridge university, at a large expense, and this, with a certainty of his father being an officer in the army, and both his parents of respectable families, but ill accord with the tale of his mother being a washerwoman; and as to his unnatural feelings for his only child in distress, as stated in the anecdotes alluded to, his letters to that amiable young woman, which are before the public, will say more in his favour than I can, and are the best reply to such a foul assertion. On publishing his *Tristram Shandy* all eyes turned on him as the genius of the age. The gay, the witty and the wise, thought it an honour to pass an evening in his company; and as a proof of the estimation Sterne was held in, I quote his introduction to *Lord Bathurst*, a nobleman in the most proper sense of the word, with whom he lived ever after in a state of the strictest intimacy and friendship. And I cannot pay so bad a compliment to the penetration of that patron of genius and worth, and to the public at large, as to think they took a snake to their bosoms. Meeting Sterne one day, he says, "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard," continued he, "of an old *Lord Bathurst*, of whom your *Popes* and *Swifts* have sung and spoke so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them, and despairing even to find their equals, it is some years since I closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again, but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, which I now do, so come home and dine with me."

I cannot pass without observation a palpable contradiction in these anecdotes. In alluding to some of Sterne's highly finished pieces they say, "A man of no feeling may succeed best in giving us a finished picture of distress," and again, "The man, however, who feels and suffers in a high degree, must express himself strongly on the subject that affects him." What are we to make of this, and how are we to apply it to the condemnation of *Poor Yorick!* May his enemies be always caught in their own snares, and may the recording angel drop a tender tear on the failings of his nature, and blot them from the book of remembrance for ever.

This versatile genius was born in Clonmel, county of Tipperary, the 24th November, 1713, and died in London, the 18th March, 1768. Garrick who was his intimate friend and admirer, wrote the following short but appropriate epitaph for him:

"Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,  
Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise,  
And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn,  
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne."

A. B.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

#### MOORISH GALLANTRY.

DURING the wars between the Moors and Christians in Spain, the queen of Castile was blocked up by the Moorish army, in the town of Azica. During the siege, she wrote in the following terms to the commander of the besiegers. "Are men of honour and knights of renown wellemployed in beleaguering the bower of an helpless woman? Go to Oriza, where you will find the king, who will receive you as warriors ought to be received." Struck with the reproach, the gallant Moors desired that the queen would appear on the walls; they were gratified in their request; the officers paid her a respectful homage, and the army straightway decamped for Oriza, and they were defeated by the Christian troops.